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Dennis The MENACE

10

No. 19

Special Award Winner
DENNIS THE MENACE
"The Best Comic Magazine of 1954 for its wholesome interest and entertainment value"
Boys' Choice of America
"Best Comic Magazine of the Year"



Handwritten signature or initials in the bottom left corner.

Dennis THE MENACE



"THEY'VE GOT BARBERS ALL OVER THE PLACE!"



"RARE! A BEE STUNG YOU?"



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'DIRTY OL' BOTTLES?' I CAN GET TWO PAIRS EACH FOR MOST OF 'EM!"



"NE EASAH! WOULD YOU FIVE ME OUT OF HIS REACH?"

DENNIS MITCHELL

KING OF THE WILD BACK YARD



LOOK FOR THIS SEAL WHEN YOU BUY A COMIC MAGAZINE.
IT GUARANTEES QUALITY AND WHOLESOME ENTERTAINMENT.

I'd be a little scared out there alone all night!

Not me! Ruff's gonna camp with me!



Yeah! Ruff will protect you from the mountain lions!

And the grizzly bears!



I'll squirt 'em right in the eye!

SPLISH!



I can lick my weight in wild cats!

Speaking of licking!

Wait a minute, Henry!



He'll only be out for an hour or two... then maybe he'll appreciate his own room!

Well...



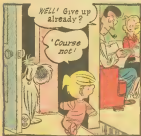
I'll get some blankets!

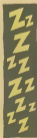
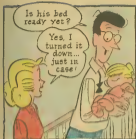
Okay let's check your tent, son.

I got plenty of peanut butter sandwiches, an' apples, an' cookies, an'...















It's the Mitchells again... but this time it sounds serious!

LET'S GO ERNIE!



What's up, folks?

It's DENNIS!... He's DISAPPEARED!

That's BAD!



You search around back, Ernie... I'm gonna check next door!

RIGHT!

CHECK!

RIGHT!

I'll go with you!

WAIT, HENRY! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE ME HERE ALONE!



Pardon us, Ma'am. have you seen anything of...

Hello Mrs. Wilson. We....

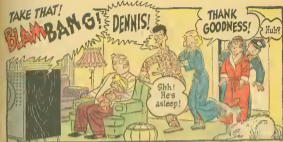
WHA..?



STAND BACK, YOU GUYS! I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!

GOOD HEAVENS

DUCK



The SECRET SECOND



THE DAY of the big fight, Charlie Root just couldn't keep his mind on his studies at school. "Charlie!" the arithmetic teacher called. "Charlie Root! What is your answer to the problem?"

"Huh? Er — 180," Charlie stammered. The class giggled and Miss Henning frowned. "We're dealing with fractions," she said. "Now please pay attention!"

Charlie's face reddened. The figure 180 was on his mind because that was the weight of Crusher Cane, the man his father was to fight tonight. And his father was just a trim 160 pounds. It wasn't fair!

As the class went on, Charlie remembered asking his father why he had been matched with The Crusher, who was so much bigger and heavier.

"Well, Charlie," he'd been told, this business is run by men who want to be very certain that only the best fighters get a crack at the Champion. That's why they've put Cane in my way. He'd never get a chance at the middleweight champ himself. He could never get down to the weight, but if I take him . . . well, I'll be on my way up the ladder. And you'll get your English bike."

Walking home from school, and seeing some of the kids pass him on bikes, Charlie didn't care whether he got his bike or not. He just wanted his father to come through this unfair fight all right. He knew his

father was a fine boxer, but The Crusher had a reputation for being a tough, mean fighter and he had an overwhelming advantage in weight and reach. Charlie tried to remember how David had defeated Goliath, but it wasn't any use. That had been a long time ago, and this was here and now — tonight!

After he finished his homework, Charlie didn't feel like going out to play. He got out the English bicycle catalog and studied the bike he wanted. He and his father had gone over and over all the wonderful features of the fine machine, but today Charlie could hardly think about them. The bike he had wanted for so long just wasn't worth this fight tonight. His mother glanced at him worriedly from time to time, but said nothing.

At last his father came home from the gym with his trainer, Mr. Malloy, and Charlie threw the bicycle catalog happily aside.

"Hi, Champ!" his father grinned. "How's the left jab tonight?" He got on his knees and playfully boxed with Charlie, but tonight Charlie could see that his eyes were narrowed and his mouth tense.

"Can you spare a little time between rounds to eat dinner?" Mrs. Root smiled. Mr. Malloy joined them and they all talked cheerfully as they ate, but an ominous shadow lay across the table — the shadow of The Crusher.

In the living room after dinner, Charlie's father and Mr. Malloy talked quietly of their plans for the fight. Charlie listened, hoping to hear of some sure way his father could win, but it seemed that he was just to box, and keep out of the big man's way.

"But suppose he does catch you, Dad?" Charlie burst out. "Gosh, he's knocked out so many men! He'll . . ."

His father grinned and picked up the bicycle catalog. "Then I'll remember this. I'll get on my bicycle!"

"You're kidding, Dad! And I'm serious!" Charlie said angrily.

"We're serious, too," Mr. Malloy told him. "Your Dad's been practicing back-pedaling. You won't remember it, but Gene

Tammy kept the heavy-weight championship that way. Dempsey had him down, but Tammy got up and went on his bicycle, as we call it. He had practiced running backwards in training and he back-pedaled until his head cleared, and came back to win."

"So you see, Charlie," his father added, "there's nothing to worry about. If the worst happens, I'll remember this bike we're going to get you, and I'll be all right."

"Come on, Charlie, his mother broke in. "Daddy and Mr. Malloy still have a lot to talk about and it's almost time for them to leave."

"I want to go to the fight tonight!" Charlie cried. "I've got to!"

"You know our rule," his mother said truly. "You can listen to it on the radio, but you're too young to see prizefights."

"Wait a minute, Grace," his father said. "Charlie's growing up, and this one tonight will spell the difference between whether I'm on the way up the ladder, or . . . Well, I think the family should be in on it. How about it, Malloy — can you squeeze them in at ringside?"

"If you say so," Mr. Malloy said. "I'll get right on the phone."

That night, Charlie and his mother waited in the lobby of the arena until they heard the big fight being announced. Then they went into the crowded, smoky auditorium and down the aisle to the ring. Charlie saw his father sitting, relaxed, in his corner, and yelled to him, and his father waved back. Then Charlie saw The Crusher, and his heart sank. Cane was a good six inches taller than his father, with long powerful arms. He was really a heavyweight. He had no business in the same ring with Charlie's father!

But as soon as the first round started, Charlie saw why his father was so confident. He danced all around the bigger man, jabbing and feinting, bobbing and weaving, and all Cane could do was plod awkwardly after him, swinging long, vicious punches that never landed.

Round after round this went on, and the crowd booed The Crusher. Charlie's father was smiling confidently, giving the big, slow man a superb boxing lesson. Then, early in the sixth round, it happened! A wild, sledgehammer blow came from nowhere, and Charlie's father dropped.

"Dad!" Charlie screamed. "Get up, get

up!" His father stirred, then rose at the count of nine, but he was dazed and confused. Then The Crusher moved in, and proceeded to prove his name. Heavy, crushing blows battered Charlie's father.

Beside Charlie, Mr. Malloy yelled: "Get on your bicycle! Back-pedal!" Charlie yelled the same, but his father didn't hear. The crowd roared for the kill as The Crusher bored in, a fierce smile on his face, slamming in sledgehammer rights and lefts unmercifully.

Then Charlie screamed: "The Drake, Dad! The Drake!" His shrill young voice rose over the shouts around him. In the ring, the crouching figure of his father straightened. "That's right, Dad!" Charlie yelled. "Ivory and blue! Three-speed gearshift! Front and rear brakes!"

His father heard! Shaking his head, he began to back-pedal skillfully away from The Crusher. Cane roared in rage, and tried to land the knockout blow, but Charlie's father, swift and sure now, was backing away, ducking and weaving, and the bell rang before Cane could catch him.

Between rounds, the handlers worked feverishly over Charlie's father, but Charlie could see him pushing them impatiently away. He was all right now, his business gone, and eager for the next round.

And that round, and the remaining ones, showed his ring mastery over the slow, clumsy Cane. It was an exhibition of boxing that made the big man look foolish. Charlie and his mother, and the whole crowd, cheered the unanimous verdict of the judges.

Walking back toward the dressing room, Charlie's heart swelled with pride to have his father's arm over his shoulder. "You're on the way to the championship now, Dad!" he said.

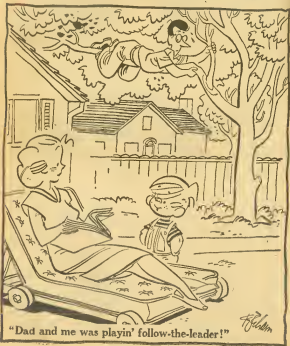
"We're on the way, son," his father grinned, "thanks to you! You were the secret 'second' in my corner!"

"What was that stuff he was yelling?" Mr. Malloy asked. "It worked all right, but what was it?"

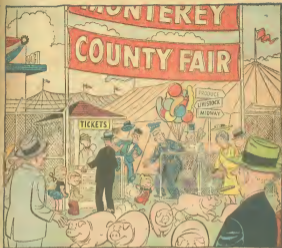
"Charlie was telling me to back-pedal — to get on my bicycle. Nothing got through to me, but then I heard him yelling about the Drake, and all its features that we've gone over many times. That's the English bicycle I promised him if I won tonight — and he's really earned it!"

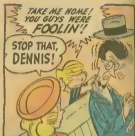
COLORING TIME!

GET YOUR CRAYONS OUT!



"Dad and me was playin' follow-the-leader!"

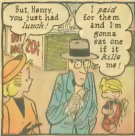




Look, Mister... *HE* ordered them and I cooked them and *YOU'RE* payin for them - **SEE?**

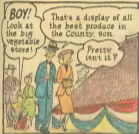


Yeah. Get it. Dad?



But, Henry, you just had lunch!

I paid for them and I'm gonna eat one if it kills me!



BOY!

Look at the big vegetable store!

That's a display of all the best produce in the County, son.

Pretty isn't it?



Here's a **NICE** one!

Don't touch them, Dennis!

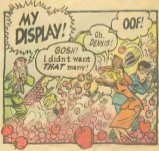
See, the policeman is watching you!



That's okay. Policemen always take a free apple!

NO!

DON'T!

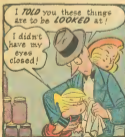
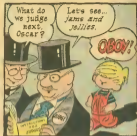


MY DISPLAY!

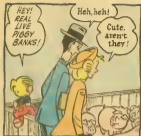
GOSH! I didn't want **THAT** many!

Oh, **DENNIS!**

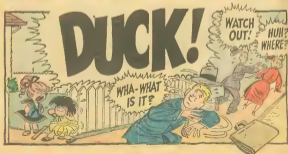
OOF!















ALL TO SOON

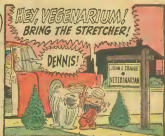


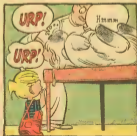
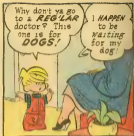
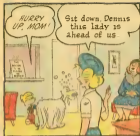


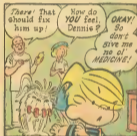


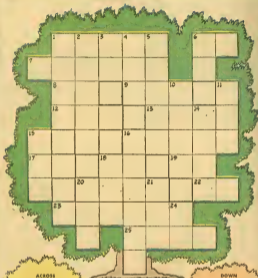
RUFF











ACROSS

1. Main part of tree
4. Mound
7. Jail
8. Part of "to be"
9. Opposite of bright
12. Writing instrument
13. Stone
14. Underneath
17. Upon
18. Last floor (table)
19. Accomplish
20. Part of a tree, part of a book
22. Toward
23. Variety of nut bearing tree
25. Head of bird

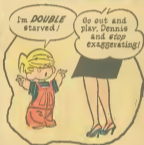
NO PEEKING!



DOWN

1. A Jersey
2. Gets up
3. Saw and I
4. Inverted head "you"
5. Sharp cutting tool
6. Belonging to me
10. Granite
11. Opposite of old
14. Underground part of tree
15. Plaything
16. Leafy part of tree
18. Long, thin fish
20. Boy
21. Animal covering
24. — and then

HOUSE BROKEN





I'll help ya.
Mister I'm good
at bustin' things'

OOF!
Just keep
outta
the way!



CRASH
This is
what I'm
gonna be
when I
grow up!



**GIVE ME
A HAND
HERE,
EDDIE!**

Okay!

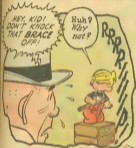
Yeah!
Go ahead,
Eddie!

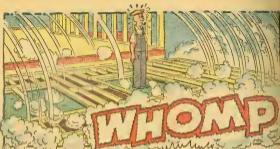


WOW! Just
like a big
space gun!



WHEW!
Guess I better
let Eddie
do that!





WHOMP

BOY! YOU WERE LUCKY! EDDIE? SPEAK TO ME EDDIE!!

Faints easy, dont he?

DEN-NIS! DIN-NER!

Guess I cant help you guys any more.



Why's he shiverin'? I'm WARM!



EDDIE! You're OKAY! WAKE UP!



What were you playing dear?

Nothin'. I just knocked down the side of a house.

How about that!



See what I mean about his exaggerating, Henry?

Um-hmm. What an imagination!

END

Dennis THE MENACE



'DENNIS' COME OUT OF THERE!



'SHALL I WIP THEM OR WOULD HE LIKE TO SLEEP THEM UP RIGHT AWAY?'



'TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP THE BOYS ARE MARCHING!'



'WHY GET SO EXCITED OVER A LOWLY BOY?'



America's fabulously funny bundle of mischief

DENNIS the MENACE

- Factory-to-You Priced!
- Authentically Dressed
- Washable Latex Body

Guaranteed \$3.98 Value

\$2⁹⁸

**17 in.
tall**

Boys! Girls! Now you can have Dennis the Menace at a practically piggy-bank price! He's a fabulous, 17-inch tall bundle of fun, an irrepressible little scamp right from the comic strips. His waxy face is made of vinyl plastic and authentically detailed in every way, even to the bold freckles and undisciplined molded hair. Soft latex body. He's dressed in his favorite outfit... denim bib overalls with his name printed across and bright striped tee shirt.



MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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